782.6
Oh12m
1853

G. Hara

MAD. VESTRIS *as* APOLLO

in Midas.

MIDAS.

A Comic Opera

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

KANE O'HARA.

Author of Tom Thumb, The Golden Pippin, The Two Misers, and April Day.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

First performed at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, 1762.

	Covent Garden. 1764.	*Haymarket.* 1853.

IMMORTALS.

Jupiter	Mr. Legg.	Mr. Braid.
Apollo	Mr. Mattocks.	Miss Featherstone.
Pan	Mr. Dunstall.	Mr. Compton.
Mercury	Mr. Baker.	Mr. Weathersby.
Bacchus.....		Mr. Edward.
Momus	Mr. C. Dibdin.	
Mars		Mr. Coe.
Juno	Mrs. Stephens.	Miss Hollingworth.
Venus.....		Miss Virtue.
Cupid		Miss Morris.
Minerva		Miss Grantham.
Diana		Mrs. Coe.
Hebe		Miss E. Woulds.

THE THREE GRACES—Miss Campbell, Miss Ellis, and Miss Harvey.

MORTALS.

Midas	Mr. Shuter.	Mr. Chippendale.
Damætas	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Clarke.
Sileno.....	Mr. Beard.	Mr. H. Corrie.
Rustics		
Mysis	Miss Poitier.	Mrs. Paynter.
Nysa	Miss Hallam.	Mr. Caulfield.
Daphne..	Miss Miller.	Miss Emily Ormond.

Time in Performance—One Hour and 30 *Minutes.*

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COSTUMES.

Jupiter—Coronet, yellow shirt, crimson or blue velvet robe, trimmed with gold, over a flesh dress; sandals, bracelets, belt, &c.

Apollo—First dress; White shirt, silver trimmed; blue drapery, &c., over flesh dress, sandals, wreath of laurels, sun on breast. Second dress: Dove-coloured ragged shirt, hat, broad belt, and russet sandals.

Mercury—Silver cap, with wings, blue shirt, white drapery, over flesh dress; slippers, with wings to the heels.

Pan—Dark flesh dress, skin leggings and cloven feet, vine leaves and berries.

Bacchus—Leopard-skin shirt, wreath of vine-leaves and berries, over flesh dress.

Mars—Helmet, breastplate and gauntlets, shirt and robe, over flesh dress.

Midas—Black three-cornered hat, square cut velvet coat, embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings.

Sileno—Large round hat, country coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat.

Damœtas—Cloth jacket, trimmed; flowered waistcoat, breeches and stockings of opposite colours.

Juno—A gold coronet, a silver tissue dress, scarlet and gold robe, flesh-coloured stockings, and sandals.

Venus—A silver tissue dress, blue drapery with stars, flesh dress and sandals, silver bandeau.

Minerva—Helmet and breastplate, scarlet robe, and white dress; sandals.

Hebe—Spangled dress, blue drapery.

Cupid—Silver over flesh dress, flowers, wings, &c.

Nysa and *Daphne*—Cottage dresses, trimmed.

Mysis—Old English velvet hat, jacket, apron, and scarlet petticoat, all trimmed with point; shoes to match.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ELYSIUM—*The* HEATHEN DEITIES *discovered seated amidst the Clouds, in full Council.*

CHORUS. Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

JUPITER. (*rising* C.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands; we'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

JUNO. (L.C.) I'll take the law. My proctor, with a summons,
Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors' Commons.

JUP. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven yon varlet.

JUNO. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot?

AIR. Think not, false Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness enclose them:
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

JUP. Peace, Termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

APOLLO. (R. C.) Hold, hold, have patience:
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR. Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

JUP. You saucy scoundrel—there, Sir—come Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning—JUPITER *darts a bolt at* APOLLO *who falls*—JUPITER *re-assumes his throne,* C. *and the gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus*—"*Jove in his chair,*" *&c.*

SCENE II.—*A champagne country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A* SHEPHERD *enters affrighted,* L. *and runs off, leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar.* APOLLO *(as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunned; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks.*

APOL. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet Sir, your humble.
Well, down I am; no bones broke, tho' sore pepper'd!
Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd—*(puts on the cloak, &c.)*
A lucky thought,—in this disguise, Apollo,
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversio.

Enter SILENO, L.

SILENO. Whom have we here? a sightly clown! and sturdy:
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

APOL. An orphan lad, Sir.
Pol is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, Sir!
I' th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

SILE. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery.—So have I, too;
Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUET—APOLLO *and* SILENO.

SILE. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog. Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten bread. Fa la la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over,
We'll dance to your strum-strum. Fa la la.

APOL. I strike hands, and take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse. Fa la la.

SILE. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;
APOL. I strike hands, and take your offer;
SILE. Farther seeking, you'll fare worse;
APOL. Farther on I may fare worse.
SILE. Pity such a lad should suffer,
APOL. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
SILE. Hungry guts and empty purse,
APOL. Hungry guts and empty purse. Fa la la.

Exeunt, dancing and singing, L.

SCENE III.—*Sileno's Farm House.*

Enter DAPHNE *and* NYSA, R.

DAPH. But, Nysa, how goes on 'squire Midas' courtship?
NYS. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,
Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.
DAPH. The moon calf! This must blast him with my father.
NYS. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.
BOTH. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Enter MYSIS, L.

MYSIS. Heydey! what mare's nest found? For ever grinning:
Ye rantipoles, is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR. Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle;
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.

Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO, L. *introducing* APOLLO.

SILE. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil. I chanc'd just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
To 'em, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.
MYS. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling thrummer!
What art thou good for? — speak, thou ragged mummer?
NYS. Mother! for shame——
MYS. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.
APOL. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue:
For his or your work, I'm brisk and handy.
DAPH. A sad cheat else——
MYS. What? you, you jack-a-dandy!

AIR.—APOLLO.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong:
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove, ere you deny me:
If you cast me
Off, you blast me,
Never more to rise.

MYS. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.
NYS. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!
SILE. Oons! no more words.——Go, boy, and get your dinner. *Exit* APOLLO, R.
SILE. Fie! why so cross-grained to a young beginner?

NYS. So modest!
DAPH. So genteel!
SILE. (*to* MYSIS) Not pert, nor lumpish.
MYS. Would he were hang'd!
NYS. & DAP. La! mother, why so frumpish.

QUARTETTE.—NYSA, DAPHNE, MYSIS, SILENO.

NYS. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natured
To the gentle, handsome swain?
DAPH. To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.
MYS. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.
SILE. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.
NYS. Ah, Ah!
DAPH. Mamma!
NYS. *and* DAPH. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natured,
Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featured?
NYS. *and* DAPH. To the gentle, handsome swain,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
NYS. *and* DAPH. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
To the gentle, handsome swain.
MYS. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.
SILE. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me;
NYS. Mamma!
MYS. Psha! psha!
DAPH. Papa,
SILE. Ah! ha!
DAPH. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
SILE. Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natured,
NYS. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?
DAPH. To the gentle, handsome swain,
SILE. He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
MYS. 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.
DAPH. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
SILE. He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. To the gentle, handsome swain,
MYS. To your odious, fav'rite swain.

Exeunt R.

SCENE IV.——*The house of Midas.*

Enter MIDAS *and* DAMÆTAS, L.

MIDAS. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British!
DAM. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.
MIDAS. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—I'll force her—
DAM. The halter—
MIDAS. As for madam; I'll divorce her—
Some favoured lout incog. our bliss opposes.
DAM. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.
MIDAS. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of—his sly tampering,
To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.
'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?
DAM. Tippling, sir, at th' ale-house.
MIDAS. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,
To rout this Pol.
DAM. I fly. (*going, returns*) Sir, your obedient. *Exit* L.
MIDAS. What boots my being 'squire,
Justice of peace, and quorum;
Churchwarden, knight o'th' shire,
And custos rotulorum;
If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellious,
My squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?
No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange:
So glut to the height of pleasure
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c. *Exit* R.

SCENE V.—*Front of a Village Alehouse.*

PAN *is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying by him.*

AIR

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool, if he thinks
That he's as happy as I;
Juno rates him
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life;
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMÆTAS, L

DAM. There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling little
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.
Hoa, master Pan, 'gad you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail, to your buck-ranter.—
Tickled by his guitar, they scorn your chanter.

AIR. All round the May-pole how they trot,
Hot,
Pot,
And good ale have got!
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not
All round the maypole, &c.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad;
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad.
All round the maypole, &c. *Exit*, R.

Enter MYSIS, L.

MYS. O, Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all, and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em, as if Old Nick were behind 'em.
PAN. Soa, soa—don't flounce;
Avast! disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR—MYSIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting,
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE VI.—*A wood and lawn, near* SILENO'S *farm, flocks grazing at a distance—A tender, slow symphony*—DAPHNE *crosses, melancholy and silent from* L. *to* R., NYSA *watching her.*

NYSA. O ho! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance,
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,

Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

Retires R.

Re-enter DAPHNE, R.

DAPH. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR. He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe,
And what's better, he'll love me, too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue.
If youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him, too.

Enter APOLLO, L.

APOL. Think o' the devil, 'tis said,
He's at your shoulder;
This wench was running in my head,
And pop, behold her.

AIR. Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet, a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain:
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

DAPH. Sir you're such an olio
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you;
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR. If you can caper, as well as you can modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

MYSIS. (*from within*, L.) Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither!
APOL. Death! what a time to call;
Oh, rot your old lungs of leather.
B'ye, Daph.
DAPH. B'ye, Pol. *Exit* APOLLO L.

Enter NYSA, R. U. E.

NYS. Marry, come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on:
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?
DAPH. Marry, come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?
NYS. Ay, though a dozen.

DUET—DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

DAPH. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?
NYS. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall?
DAPH. Pigmy elf,
NYS. Colossus itself;
BOTH. You will lie till you're mouldy on the shelf.
DAPH. You stump o' the th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb!
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.
NYS. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.
DAPH. Sour grapes.
NYS. Lead apes.
BOTH. I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes.
DAPH. Miss, your assurance,
NYS. And, Miss, your airs,
DAPH. Is past all endurance,
NYS. Are at their last pray'rs.

DAPH. No more of these freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.
NYS. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg,
DAPH. } Poor spite!
NYS. } Pride hurt!
DAPH. } Liver white!
NYS. } Rare sport!
DAPH. Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite!
NYS. This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Poor spite, &c.

Exeunt, R. *and* L.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove*

Enter NYSA, *followed by* MIDAS, L.

MIDAS. Turn, tigress, turn; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart, to me so icy,
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder?
NYS. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock.
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack,
Who have a wife already?
MIDAS. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly!
And would my Nysy grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd, her I'll marry.

AIR. O, what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh, how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me!

NYS. Young birds alone are caught with chaff—
At your base scheme I laugh.
MIDAS. Yet take my vows.
NYS. I would not take your bond, Sir!
MIDAS. Half my estate—
NYS. No, nor the whole, my fond Sir.

AIR. Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
Cease your bribes and wheedling:
Till I'm made a bride i' the church,
I'll keep man from meddling.
What are riches,
And soft speeches,
Baits and fetches,
To bewitch us,
When you've won us.
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us,
Frowning on us,
For our heedless peddling. *Exit*, R.

MIDAS. Well, master Poll I'll tickle.—
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle.
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN, L.

PAN. So, 'squire, well met—I flew to know your business,
MIDAS. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down upon his knees!
PAN. That were a feat, indeed; a feat to brag on.
MIDAS. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon!
I'll make him skip—
PAN. As St. George did the dragon.

AIR—MIDAS.

If into your hen-yard,
The treacherous reynard
Steals slily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE II.—*A lawn before Midas's house.*

Enter NYSA, R.

NYS. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me,
Pol doats upon her phiz hard,
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard,
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous,
Ah, Nysa, what resource?—a cloister.
Death alive——yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun, Prodigious!

AIR.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:
Then his guitar he clatters
With twinkling divine:
But my sister,
Ah! he kiss'd her,
And he pass'd me by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye. *Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*Midas's parlour.*

MIDAS, MYSIS, *and* PAN, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, with pipes and tobacco.*

MIDAS. Come, Pan, your toast—
PAN. Here goes—Our noble Umpire!
MYS. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.
MIDAS. Hang him! in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us!
MYS. Sure, he's the devil himself!
PAN. Or Doctor Faustus.
MYS. Ah, 'squire!—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,
This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.
PAN. You reason right.
MIDAS. His toby I shall tickle.
MYS. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here itsprice is
At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,
Keep Pan, and shame that scapegrace *coram nobis.*
MIDAS. Goody, as 'tis your request,
I pocket this here stuff;
And as for that there peasant,
Trust me, I'll work his buff.
At the musical struggle,
I'll bully and juggle;
My award
Your sure card;
Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.
PAN. Well said, my lad of wax.
MIDAS. Let's end the tankard,
I have no head for business till I've drank hard.
PAN. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle;
When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.
MIDAS. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
Then part to our affairs.
PAN. A match.
MYS. A match.

TRIO.

MIDAS. Master Poll,
And his toll-de-rol-loll,
I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir,

PAN. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, Sir.
MYS. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And makes such a wounded racket.
MIDAS. I'll bluff,
PAN. I'll rough,
MYS. I'll huff,
MIDAS. I'll cuff,
OMNES. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
MIDAS. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em
Or skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arraign'd he shall be
Of treason to me!
PAN. And I with my davy will back it,
I'll swear,
MIDAS. I'll snare,
MYS. I'll tear,
OMNES, O, rare!
And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE IV.—*The village.*

Enter SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS *in warm argument*, L.

SILE. My Daph a wife for the; the Squire's base pander!
To the plantation sooner would I send her.
DAM. Sir, your good wife approved my offers.
SILE. Name her not, hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but thy coffers?
DAM. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-apes,
By dint of congees and of scrapes—
SILE. These are thy slanders and that cankered hag's—
DAM. A thing made up of pilfered rags—
SILE. Richer than thou with all thy brags,
Of flocks and herds, and money bags.

Enter MYSIS *attended by* DAPHNE *and* NYSA, L.

MYS. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive hence
Your vagabond—
SILE. I smoke your foul contrivance.
DAPH. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue—
NYS. Daph, for your sake, my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.
DAPH. O, gemini, says't thou me so?
Dear creature let me kiss you.
NYS. Let's kneel and beg his stay, papa will back us.
DAPH. Mamma will storm.
NYS. What then? she can but whack us.

QUINTETTE.

DAPH. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To dissever
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.
NYS. Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.
DAPH. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face!
NYS. Hearts alarming,
DAPH. Bosoms warming,
NYS. Wrath disarming,
DAPH. With his soft lay:
NYS. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
BOTH. He is so charming, &c,
MYS. Sluts, are you lost to shame?
SILE. Wife, wife, be more tame.

MYS. This is madness!
SILE. Sober sadness!
MYS. I with gladness
Could see him swing,
For his badness.
SILE. 'Tis no such thing.
DAM. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?
Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?
MYS. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.
DAM. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?
SILE. Rot and sink 'em.
DAM. Midas must judge.
MYS. And Pol must fly.
SLE. Zounds, Pol shan't budge.
MYS. You lie!
DAM. You lie!
MYS.
DAM. } You lie, you lie.
SILE.
NYS. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains!
DAPH. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.
NYS. Pol is young and merry,
DAPH. Light and airy,
SILE. As a fairy.
NYS. Pan is old and musty,
DAPH. Stiff and fusty;
SILE. Sour and crusty.
DAPH. Can you banish Pol?
NYS. No, no, no, no!

Enter MIDAS *enraged, attended by a crowd of* NYMPHS, *and* SWAINS *from* L. U. E.

MIDAS. Peace, ho! is hell broke loose? what means this jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!
AIR. What the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gipsies?
Sirrah you, and hussy you,
And each one of you tipsy is;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride, as
A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

CHORUS. O, tremendous Justice Midas!
Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

MIDAS. I'm given to understand that you're all in a bother here,
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another year.
Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as
The delicate ears of Justice Midas?

CHORUS. O, tremendous, &c.

MIDAS. So, you allow it, then, ye mobbish rabble?

Enter APOLLO R., *and* PAN L.

MIDAS. Oh, here come Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble;
Fetch my great chair,—I'll quickly end this squabble!

AIR. Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
Shall be fix'd musician chief;
Ne'er the loser
Shall show nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS. O, tremendous, &c.

DAME. Masters, will you abide by this condition?
PAN. I ask no better.
APOL. I'm all submission.
PAN. Strike up, sweet Sir.
APOL. Sir, I attend your leisure.
MIDAS. Pan, take the lead.
PAN. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR.

A plague on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

"When Beauty her pack of poor love's would hamper!
And after Miss Will o'th' Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—but toll-de-roll-loll."

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chace:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;

MIDAS. Not at all,

PAN. I only meant—life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

VILLAGERS. A Pan! A Pan!

MIDAS. By jingo! well perform'd for one of his age!
How, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage?

APOL. Why, master Midas, for that matter,
'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator,
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter
With so much partial passion.

MIDAS *falls asleep.*

Introduced Song—APOLLO,

VILLAGERS—A Pol! A Pol! A Pan! A Pan!

MIDAS. (*waking*) Silence—this just decree, all at your peril,
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

Pan shall remain;
Pol quit the plain.

CHORUS. Oh tremendous, &c.

MIDAS. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthrone him,
No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him.

(*The* CROWD *form ranks and march round the chair, joining in Chorus, whilst* MIDAS *crowns* PAN *with bays.*)

CHORUS. See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd twang his faint guitar;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

MIDAS. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?
Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

APOL. Now, all attend. (*Throws off his disguise, and appears as* APOLLO.) The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping:
Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'dst thy utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR. Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of Music, and king of Parnass;
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.

(MIDAS'S *wig falls off, and the ears of an ass appear on his head.)*

MIDAS. Detected, balk'd, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.

MYS. Be merciful.

DAME. Be pitiful.

MIDAS. Forgive us mighty Sol. Alas! alas.

AIR—APOLLO.

Thou a Billingsgate quean, [*To* MYSIS.]
Thou a pander obscene, [*To* DAMÆTAS.]
With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;
Thou, driven from man, [*To* MIDAS.]
Shalt wander with Pan,
He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.,
Be thou Squire—his estate [*To* SILENO.
To thee I translate. [*To* DAPHNE.]
To you his strong chests, wicked mass! [*To* NYS.]
Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the sky,
Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

The Scene changes, discovering the GODS *as in the opening scene of the Burletta.* APOLLO *is pardoned by* JUPITER, *and ascends with the* GODS, *singing in* GRAND CHORUS

"Jove in his chair."

CURTAIN.